

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand the same to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.
No Wrapping — No Address.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE —
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 50

No.

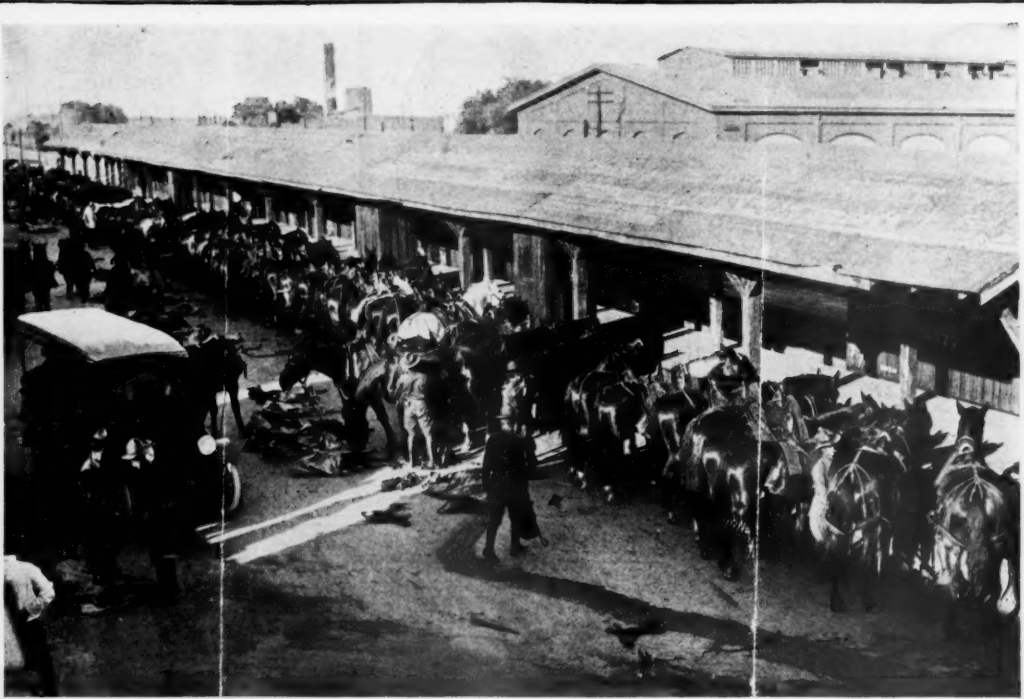
5

OCTOBER, 1917

Price

10

Cents



U. S. ARMY HORSES FOR WHICH OUR RELIEF FUND IS BEING USED

You May Create a Trust Fund

for the benefit of your family or yourself by putting a part or all of your property in our hands as Trustee under a Deed of Trust.

The Trust may be established with a moderate amount of property and additions made to it from time to time. You may reserve the right to terminate the Trust or change your Trustee or Beneficiaries and thus have an opportunity to meet changing conditions.

To explain what you may accomplish by means of a Trust Fund we have published a booklet entitled "Concerning Trusts and Wills," a copy of which will be mailed on request.

Write or call for Booklet B5

Old Colony Trust Company
17 Court Street, Boston

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS
TREAD SOFTLY
STEP SAFELY



THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING



ORDER BY NAME
FOSTER RUBBER CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

There is nothing just as good as the
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread

IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

Telephone your dealer for a package today

Send for Savings Bank Free

Potter & Wrightington, Boston, Mass.

Where is My Dog, OR IS MAN ALONE IMMORTAL?
Fourth Edition. By Charles Josiah Adams, D. D., \$1.
The Bureau of Biophilism, Rossville, Staten Island, N.Y.

HENRY W. SAVAGE, Inc.
REAL ESTATE
129 Tremont Street, Boston
255 Washington Street NEWTON Coolidge Corner BROOKLINE
564 Commonwealth Ave. NEWTON CENTRE 41 Concord Street FRAMINGHAM

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
Undertakers
2326-2328 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON
Chapels Carriage and Motor Service

The Pet-Dog Boarding Department of The Angell Animal Hospital
Will receive for Board and care pet dogs whose owners desire a safe and thoroughly well managed place in which to leave them. This department is under the direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital. For terms and for all other information relative to this department, address
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston Telephone, Brookline 6100

Stearns Cypress

*Most Durable for Outside Work
Most Beautiful for Inside Work*

Ask About Our Celebrated Dark Cypress for Panels, Dadoes, etc.

The A. T. Stearns Lumber Company

6 Taylor St., Neponset, Boston, Mass.

"Everything in wood and woodwork"

Send for booklet No. 6 about Cypress Lumber and Its Uses.

James Forgie's Sons

17 Merchants Row
BOSTON, MASS.

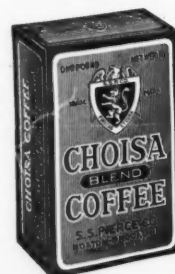
Harness and Horse Goods

Notice:—We will mail to any address in New England at cost, 65 cents per pair, attractive check pieces for open bridle such as were made by us for the M. S. P. C. A.

Choisa Coffee

Moderate Price

Exceptional Value



S. S. PIERCE CO.

BOSTON AND BROOKLINE

SAWYER'S
FOR THE CRYSTAL LAUNDRY BLUE
SAWYER CRYSTAL BLUE CO., 88 BROAD ST. BOSTON

UNITED STATES HOTEL

BOSTON
A most comfortable and convenient place to stop at. AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS
Only two blocks from South Terminal Station. North Union Station easily reached by Elevated Railroad.
JAMES G. HICKEY Send for TILLY HAYNES
Manager Circular Proprietor

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox St., Norwood, Massachusetts
Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Norwood Office: Lenox Street Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station

Vol. 50

October, 1917

No. 5

THE bravest are the tenderest." Bayard Taylor, who wrote these words, was a man of affairs, a traveler in many lands, and U. S. minister to the court at Berlin.

ONE of the greatest soldiers of the world refused to visit, when in Paris, the tomb of Napoleon. To Ulysses S. Grant war was a solemn duty. Its fratricidal battles filled his soul with sorrow. No victor was ever more generous toward the vanquished.

THE American Military authorities with whom we have talked are not of the opinion that great numbers of horses will be shipped abroad as part of our equipment. We devoutly hope they are right.

IF any one thinks the day of the teaming horse is over let him spend a few hours in those parts of any of our larger cities where the great bulk of the transportation is done. There the auto-truck is still the exception. More and more it becomes evident that for the shorter hauls the horse is, and will continue to be, a necessity.

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has already responded to the call of some of the military camps in the state for funds to meet pressing needs in the care of the horses. This response we shall continue to make as long as the money contributed for the purpose lasts.

HEAVEN be thanked for the people who look for the best in the life of all creatures about them. We need the critic, but are grateful that he is the exception and not the rule.

THERE are surly, repelling dogs as well as surly, repelling men. He who reaches the hearts of either will seldom fail, however, to find something to love.

HE is the real friend of animals who does the most for their welfare, not the one who talks the most about how much he loves them.

TO OUR SOLDIERS

WE have had more than the usual opportunity to observe the kind of men who have answered our country's call to service in this present war. Visits to the camps in Massachusetts, where thousands are assembled, to the New England headquarters, where many of the officers are to be found, and the study of the young men in uniform who are seen in increasing numbers on our streets, justify us in believing that no finer body of troops has ever responded to this country's summons in her hour of need. Not only physically do they command respect,—straight, athletic, alert in appearance, but intellectually they have impressed us as the highest type of soldiers,—men who had brains as well as bodies to give to their country.

Thousands of copies of this magazine we know will be distributed among them as time goes on. We are wondering if those of them who read these words will not allow us to make a suggestion or two in the spirit of utmost good-will. Perhaps they will be more ready to do this when we say that we are personally represented among them by a son whose freely offered services the Government has accepted, and who will doubtless be with many of them across the water by the time this issue of the magazine is published.

This is our word of interest and good-will: War, naturally, once we are in it at close quarters, awakens in the best of us the baser passions of our natures. We cannot see our comrades shot down, mutilated, the victims of inexpressible suffering, we cannot see the waste and ruin that the opposing armies are everywhere producing up to the limit of their power, without feeling within us the quick kindling of the fires of resentment, hatred, and revenge. The old brutal impulses of the primitive savagery of the race spring to the surface and would blind us to all reason and to every plea of conscience. This is natural. It is, alas, a part of our inheritance.

But, after all, we are men. After all, there is a diviner side to us which can, if it will, hold the worse part of us in check and still the clamorous voices that cry out for vengeance and reprisal. We have entered this war not because we hate the German people. Their hearts, on the whole, are much like ours. They love their homes as we love ours. Their mothers, their children, their wives, their sweethearts,

love them as ours love us. The thing we have pledged ourselves to fight is a system of government, a policy of national life and an attitude toward the rest of the world which to us is wholly at war with the things for which our country, ideally, stands, and for which our fathers died.

Will it not be possible to remember this even in the bitter stress of the conflict, and so keep our hearts from the moral degradation into which the unbridled passions would otherwise plunge them? Only thus can war be saved from some of the worst of its destroying evils. Only thus can you come back to us, as God grant you may, not only your country's honored heroes, but masters of yourselves, men purified and ennobled by the fires through which you have so bravely passed.

HONEST men are differing about this present war as honest men differed sixty years ago. To us our participation in the struggle has seemed inevitable and unavoidable. But shall we not be high-minded enough to refrain from the use of contemptuous names and terms of reproach when speaking of those who do not agree with us? None of us has a monopoly of all the truth or all the right.

To tens of thousands of us this appalling war has at last come to our very doors. When a son who has been trained to hate all cruelty and war looks into your face and says, "I must go. I can die but once, and never in defense of what seems to me a holier cause," the distance from your hearth-stone to the battlefields of France seems but a step.

THE Christian spirit is eternally opposed to war. It must be. Its goal is the recognized brotherhood of all men. But is it unchristian for one brother to defend a holy cause from the assault of another brother whose unrighteous attack, so far as the first can see, is on the side of evil and not of good?

THE devotion of money and service to the welfare of the horses used in this war will mean, in the end, a distinct gain for humane work. Never has so much been done before to relieve their sufferings and save them from unnecessary hardship.

Canine Intelligence

A. L. BENEDICT, A.M., M.D., Editor *Buffalo Medical Journal*

IT is generally taken for granted that the intelligence of dogs is very limited as compared with human beings, and that it is inherently so. This idea rests partly on the conception of "lower animals" and the more or less definite influence of religious dogma, partly on more material demonstration. In particular, the volume and structure of the brain are both absolutely and relatively superior in man.

However, the actual attainment of certain dogs is such as to warrant the belief that the inherent limitation of their intellectual development is not so absolute as has been generally conceded and that both the inherent and the actual limitations are due to factors not directly connected with the development of the central nervous system. One of the greatest, if not the greatest factor in the development of man, has been the evolution of the fore limbs into prehensile and tactile parts, susceptible of delicate muscular control. Imagine our state if unable to assist our actions by any weapon or implement. Not only has the possession of hands been necessary for the development from the state of an animal up to that of higher savagery but, through rendering it possible to set down thought in words, figures, and pictures, it has rendered possible not merely the origination and understanding of simple ideas but of complicated ideas which even with our present degree of development, only rare exceptions among men can comprehend without reduction of simpler component ideas to some form of graphic representation so that the attention can be devoted to the idea, step by step, with abundance of time for understanding.

Practically everything that we include under the head of formal education, depends directly on the power to put ideas into some form of writing, including figures, mathematic designs, etc., and, beyond the rudiments of the various studies, every detail of each has been obtained by the concentration of the attention of hundreds of exceptional intellects for a space of time that can scarcely be even estimated for any individual or generation, and that has occupied several centuries in the aggregate. Even with our present intellectual development, it would be impossible for any average student to continue any study beyond the point already reached, for the standard term's work if his hands were tied and no substitute were afforded for setting down words, figures, scientific indicators of processes and diagrams. Material progress would have been equally impossible for man if he had not developed hands instead of fore feet. This statement applies not only to the complicated mechanical appliances of civilization but to the rudest artifacts of savagery.

Practically, a third reason for the dependence of human intelligence on the possession of hands may be given, although it may not be logically separated from these others: the mere handling of any object or the use of the hands in performing any task, especially of any degree of delicacy, inevitably adds to our store of knowledge and automatically develops initiative, skill, and rapidity of expression of intelligence.

Monkeys, as the term *Quadrumania* indicates, are even better equipped in this respect than human beings. Contradictory opinions exist as to the relative intelligence of monkeys and dogs, but there is no question but that in regard to the moral sense, the highest of all, dogs are far superior, being on the whole, more docile, honest, faithful, and self-sacrificing.

Among the lower animals, the only one gen-

erally acknowledged to equal the dog in intelligence is the elephant, which has, in its trunk, a very delicate tactile and manipulative organ. The greater longevity of the elephant is also to be counted as an important factor.

In estimating canine intelligence, we can scarcely lay too much stress on the well known but scarcely appreciated fact that the dog actually does overcome the handicap of his clumsy paws in ways that are often amusing, sometimes pathetic, and that indicate relatively as great a degree of intelligent initiative as is illustrated in human beings who overcome the defects of crippling. He plays with balls, and has a well marked sense of personal ownership of various articles which very few lower animals, possessed of much better substitutes for hands, keep about them. He adjusts his bedding, dries himself on cloths, pushes doors and gates, communicates ideas by pawing, pulls human hands to pet or scratch him, sometimes shows considerable mechanical ingenuity in operating latches, scattering fires, pushing or pulling other animals and human beings from places of danger or in guiding them along desired lines, removing obstacles to vision.

While the intelligence of dogs is no more to be judged from tricks than is human intelligence to be gauged by memorizing recitations or by acting, the capacity of a dog to perform unnatural and difficult tricks under intensive training brings up a point in considering how far his intelligence can fairly be compared with that of human beings under existing circumstances. Mere difference in longevity gives the dog about one fifth of the time to acquire knowledge and wisdom, as compared with man.

The principal attainments by which human intelligence is judged, are acquired between the third and twentieth years, no great increase of knowledge or reasoning power being acquired by the average human being after maturity is reached, although, like the dog, greater or less advance occurs, mainly in practical matters, throughout life. Moreover, the present standard of human intelligence has been obtained by intensive training, nearly to the limit of endurance compatible with health, during half to the entire period of growth after infancy, for a succession of rarely less than three and up to many generations. The corresponding period of educational capability for dogs would be only about a year and a half instead of ten to seventeen years or even more in the case of collegiate and technical schooling. Without making an obviously impracticable suggestion, it is reasonable to claim that a fair comparison of canine with human intelligence should, in general, be made between the average dog and the exceptional human being who is almost or quite illiterate and unschooled and who represents a similar heredity.

In estimating the essential difference in intellectual capacity, the factor of available time is important and we cannot expect that the dog will acquire more than a fifth of the general wisdom and experience of the human being, while the further allowance must be made that the optimum period of mental development is only about a sixth to a tenth that of the human being. While it is impossible to make anything like quantitative comparisons, many would doubtless hold that the average dog has fully a tenth, perhaps even a fifth of the intelligence of a hereditarily illiterate human being, congenitally or otherwise deprived of the use of hands.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

(A true story)

LOUELLA C. POOLE

Now, Nipper, stay here till I come;"

And Nipper answered with his eyes:
"Yes, master, with your friend I'll wait —
No one shall drive me out his gate,
And woe to him that tries!"

Hours passed; the good dog waited still,
His brown eyes warning all beware
That no command would he obey
To "beat it home," and thus all day
He watched in patience there.

Then came the question o'er the wires:
"Is Nipper there?" in anxious tone.
"Yes, he is there; he will not go!"
"I'll call him; maybe he will know
Me through the telephone!"

Hark! to his ears there came the voice
That Nipper loved, in accents plain —
"Nipper, come home!" Quick as a flash
Away he flew, nor threat nor lash
Had power to restrain.

Less than an hour did it take
To reach his home seven miles away!
How swift to heed the spoken word
When that dear voice he loved was heard —
What joy then to obey!



MUGGINS "DOES HIS BIT"

THIS handsome silver Spitz, known as "Muggins," is four years old and owned by Mrs. G. Woodward, Victoria, British Columbia.

His present mission in life is collecting for the "Flower Guild" in that city, and the proceeds of the flower sales are divided between three funds, namely, Returned Soldiers, Red Cross and Blue Cross.

On "Tag" days arranged for the assistance of other patriotic funds Muggins follows the usual custom and devotes his energies to "tagging." He is a constant visitor to incoming boats, particularly the Empress of Asia and the Empress of Russia.

Muggins contributed \$800 to the different Patriotic Funds in five months.

NOTHING is gained by exaggerating the shortcomings or the faults of any nation. Let us endeavor to be just to all men, even though they be our enemies in the present conflict.

— Sacred Heart Review

SOME QUEER BIRDS'-NESTS

H. F. PULLEN

ONE of the common birds of the northwest coast of this continent is the white-crowned sparrow. Ordinarily this bird nests in low bushes or on the ground among a few sticks or beneath a broken bough. Like many another bird, however, it adapts itself to modern conditions.

One that I found had built its nest in an old tomato can that had been thrown out on a vacant lot almost in the center of the city of Victoria, British Columbia. Unfortunately for it, the lot was near a school and the little nest was found



COZY NEST IN TOMATO CAN

by some of the children. One egg had been taken before I found it, the remaining three being shown in the photograph.

Many other cases of adaptation have been found. Humming-birds make their nests in the rose bushes that cover the walls of some of the western bungalows, and many curious places in the gardens are used as nesting sites. One nest I found in a shoe that had been thrown out into the back yard of a house. This time the site had been chosen by a yellowish warbler that usually nests on or near the ground among or near bushes.



WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW'S NEST

A wren of my acquaintance chose the arm of a scarecrow in which to rear its young, and it was a wonderfully snug place after it was filled with feathers.

"THE life that floods the happy fields
With song and light and color
Will shape our lives to richer states,
And heap our measures fuller."

BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE

GEORGE KLINGLE

THERE are bird-songs ringing on every side,
And wings are speeding by
To little cradles low down in the grass,
And cradles swinging high.
There are little voices up under the eaves;
In under the stone-wall ledge;
Down close in the woodbine, hidden away;
And across in the privet hedge.

There are little mothers with breakfast for two;
And babies that wait to be fed;
While a wing flits here, and a wing flits there,
And a song rings overhead,
And the air is full of the breath of flowers;
And the bees go winging by —
The world is a-flood with the joy of June,
And the rapture of life is high.

But what of the bird in the gilded cage? —

No space for the sweep of a wing;
No little mate to come at the call
Though you hear the love-song ring;
No little cradle at any time;
No eggs to warm with its breast;
Nothing to shield and brood above;
No voices of love in a nest!

Oh, give it at least a bigger cage —

This bird in bondage for thee —

ITS WING WAS MADE FOR MOTION AND
JOY:

This wing that can never be free.

A PAIR OF PLUCKY BUTCHER-BIRDS

C. E. HOWARD

A REMARKABLE instance of bird pertinacity comes from the little town of Santa Ana, California, where a pair of butcher-birds, or gray-backed shrikes, built a nest within the pulley-wheel of an elevator, temporarily out of service, used for loading slaked lime in the yards of the Southern California Sugar Company. One day it became necessary to use the elevator and an employe was obliged to remove the nest, which then contained seven eggs. The birds promptly resumed building operations the next morning, but the following day the new nest foundation was once more displaced by a workman.

Then came the amazing exhibition of persistency. For a whole month the birds stubbornly continued to fight for occupancy of the pulley-wheel. Whenever the elevator was stopped for a brief time they would pitch in with fresh energy. So feverishly did they try to get their home built and begin housekeeping that upon several occasions a nest was completed within two days, the mother bird promptly depositing eggs therein. In all, the remarkable number of twenty-two nests were built or partly built and a total of seventeen eggs were laid before the birds gave up the struggle.

At last machinery won over bird patience, and the heroic pair, loath to retreat from the neighborhood entirely, chose a new location on a near-by beam that partly shelters a new weed-catcher being installed by the company. Here the mother has at last safely hatched five eggs, notwithstanding that carpenters and machinists have been plying their noisy trades only four feet below the last nest.

The birds have become quite tame in the course of the long contest, as everyone knowing the circumstances has their welfare at heart, and it is to be hoped that the deserving parents will be rewarded by successfully bringing up a family of fine boys and girls.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE EAGLE

WALTER K. PUTNEY

YOUNG people often wonder how it happened that the eagle with outspread wings was taken as the emblem of the United States. This bird is really the bald eagle, and it first received the honor of becoming our national bird in 1785, when it was displayed as the emblem of the new American Republic.

Many prominent men of the time did not approve of the choice. For example, Benjamin Franklin declared that the bald eagle was the most evil-disposed bird in the land, and that it did not earn an honest living, but secured its livelihood through violence, deceit, and treachery. He suggested the wild turkey as the most appropriate for the nation's emblem, since it was more distinctly American.

Franklin's criticism, while it delayed matters considerably, did not prevent the eagle from being chosen. Others considered that this bird was one of the greatest possible dignity, as well



BALD EAGLE

as beauty and bravery, and they especially desired it to be our national bird or emblem because of its very strong attachment to its home and young. In this way they hoped to be able to make the colonies stand together, should anything come later to trouble them or cause any one of them to falter.

But the United States was not the first to look upon the eagle as the symbol of power or adopt it as a national emblem. Centuries ago, when the kings and conquerors of warring tribes and nations were robbers and plunderers, the eagle was recognized as the most fitting emblem to lead and inspire the warriors, and so we find the Persians advancing to battle at Cunaxa, in 400 B.C., bearing the eagle aloft as their standard. When the Roman legions overran Western Europe they followed where the silver eagle standards led them. Napoleon and his marshals carried the "eagles" nearly across Europe and today Russia, Germany, and Austria have the double-headed eagle as their national emblem.

John J. Audubon gave the bald eagle the name of the Washington eagle, because he claimed that it was like Washington in its bravery and the terror of its enemies on seeing it, and that just as Washington's fame was mightiest among the men of his day, so was the fame of the eagle greatest among the feathered tribes.

The ordinary name, "bald," is not rightly given, inasmuch as the adult birds have their heads and necks covered with very white

feathers. The bird, however, does seem bald because, when seen in the distance, the head and neck shine and look just as if there were no feathers covering them.

It is a fact, nevertheless, that the eagle surpasses all other birds in strength of wing, tireless flight, and poise and grace of motion. He deserves his title of "King of birds." He is long-lived. Specimens have lived to a great age in captivity, and how long in freedom, no one knows.

THE QUEST OF PLEASURE

CHARLES E. WHITE

Through all the energy, the strife, the battle for glory and the "almighty" dollar runs a note of re-call—re-call to the simple pleasures, to the "simple life." Just now, it's the call of Mother Earth. Back we are going; and, only to find plenty of joy—plenty of pleasure.

IT is in the mind where we grow to be what we actually are—not what others think us. There's many a rough exterior that houses a brain teeming with thoughts for the good of others, with desires to help and befriend others. And such a brain is guided by a heart laden with sympathy and kindness.

One can't really live until the interest to let others live becomes paramount. A liberal attitude toward all life in general must be cultivated. There comes an appreciation of the pleasures life holds forth to all. Then comes the joy of sympathy for even the least of living things. It's centered deep in the heart, and he who has finally attained this remarkable viewpoint has won peace of mind, happiness—the contentment which passes understanding.

"The happiest heart that ever beat

Was in some quiet breast,

That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest."

In accomplishment, whether for ourselves, or for those who are near and dear, or simply for "others," lies a reward. To do our work well, does but increase that reward. Material things only hold our fancies until acquired. Something else is beyond: again, it's the peace of mind, the security which comes from unselfish, whole-hearted service to man, bird or beast.

"Sunshine" doesn't come from the sun alone. It's to be found anywhere and everywhere—in anything and everything.

Now I believe there's lots of "sunshine" in the song of the wild birds. I've been interested in them as far back as I can remember and I've learned that for me they're about the best dispellers of gloom that I can think of. When they're well taken care of, you'll find them twittering and chirping the live-long day.

But, you've got to keep them about you. You can't drive them away, and have their "sunshine" at the same time. Gather them around you: become interested in their habits; feed them. Everybody strives to keep that which has grown dear to them. Once the wild birds have gained your affection, they'll become dear to you.

Suet or fat constitutes the tempting morsel which coaxes the wild birds about your home. Provide the feathered tribe with plenty of it and nine-tenths of your friendship is cemented, never to break.

Let's all labor together. The inevitable is bound to happen. We'll deserve "sunshine," and we'll get "sunshine." You've got a big heart. Use it:

"For over there an upland thrush is speaking
Of joys she knows among those swaying pines,
Not all the rhythm of my eager seeking
Can faintly echo her ecstatic lines."



PRAIRIE CHICKENS FEEDING ON HOMESTEADER'S CORN PILE

PROTECTING THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN

FLORENCE L. CLARK

AN effort is being made in states west of the Mississippi to protect the prairie chicken from the near-extirmination that has befallen the species in the eastern and central states. The Iowa legislature has just passed a law placing a closed season on prairie chickens for a period of five years.

There are still great numbers of prairie chickens, or pinnated grouse as they really are, in the western Dakotas and others of the newly homesteaded areas of the Northwest. In driving along the prairie trails the settlers very frequently are startled by the sudden whirr of a flock rising from the prairie grasses or grain fields close by the trail.

While homesteading in North Dakota recently, I was privileged to see a great flock of them at close quarters. One frosty morning in November I looked out of my window at a cottonwood tree on my claim, the only real tree for miles in any direction. Its branches had been naked of leaves for some time. But I now beheld them black and bending with a load of something, what, I could not tell. Stepping out of my shack and walking toward the tree I jumped with alarm when suddenly literally hundreds of prairie chickens rose from the branches and whirled away with a furious noise. Undoubtedly the cold night had brought them together for some distance around to roost in the lone tree where they would be warmer than on the ground.

A homesteader friend tells me that all one winter prairie chickens fed on his corn pile within a few feet of his house and became quite tame though they were quite quarrelsome among themselves. He found watching them so interesting and such a pretty sight that he made no attempt to drive them away.

SHE: "I'm going to marry a doctor, so that I can be well for nothing."

HE: "Why not marry a minister, so then you can be good for nothing."

TO THE TURTLE DOVE

JAMES G. GABELLE

*SWEET bird with garb subdued,
The Niobe of thy feathered kind!
The woes of the world are in thy voice,
What sorrows weigh thy mind?*

FROM GALSWORTHY'S PEN

THE top notes of human life and conduct can be but sparingly sung, or they grate on the nerves and jar the hearing of the singer no less than of his listener.

WHEN we talk of safeguarding democracy, liberty, and the rights of small nations, we really only mean the muzzling of the junkerism in human nature; the restraint of this trampling instinct.

THE superstition that unmilitarized nations suffer from fatty degeneration of the heart has perished in the forty-fourth year of its age, at the siege of Liege, blown away by the heroism of a little unarmy nation!

GRAND, splendid! That the blood should be oozing from them into grass that once smelled as sweet to them as it does to me! That their mouths, which mothers and wives and children are aching to kiss again, should be twisted into gaps of horror!

THE idealist said in his heart: The god of force is dead or dying. He has been proven the fool that the man of affairs and the militarist always said he was. But the fools of this world—generally after they are gone—have a way of moving men which the wise and practical believers in force have not.

GOD on the lips of each potentate, and under a hundred thousand spires prayer that twenty-two million servants may receive from God the blessed strength to tear and blow each other to pieces and ravage and burn, to wrench husbands from wives, fathers from their children, to starve the poor, and everywhere destroy the works of the spirit!

IN my belief the best hope for lasting peace, the chief promise of security for the rights and freedom of little countries, the most reasonable guarantee of international justice and general humanity, lies in the gradual growth of democracy, of rule by consent of the governed. When Europe is all democratic, and its civilization on one plane, instead of as now on two—then and then only we shall begin to draw the breath of real assurance.

IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

Horses in Algeria outnumber the human beings.

In Russia, where blinders are never used, a shying horse is almost unknown.

The robin eats his own weight and 56 per cent. over every day. His is principally a diet of worms.

There is a humane law in Moscow, Russia, which prohibits drivers of all kinds of vehicles from using whips. The general condition of the horses attests the wisdom and benefits of such a law.

The value of horses in the United States, January 1, 1917, is placed by the Government at \$12,174,629,000. Iowa leads in the number of horses within the State: 1,552,000. Illinois comes next with 1,452,000.

One-tenth of the agricultural and horticultural interests of the United States are destroyed annually by insects and our greatest safeguard is the destruction of these by the wild birds. The birds are our country's greatest aids to food conservation.

A good way to render asphalt pavement less slippery is by heating the surface and then applying a layer of gravel, which is then rolled into the pavement. In wet weather the pavement retains its roughness and thus enables the horses to keep their footing.

The skunk has been classified as an animal of great economic importance by the Department of Agriculture. As an enemy to destructive insects and vermin, against which the farmer could not successfully cope, this animal, so commonly despised and destroyed, should be protected at all times.

The first division of 2000 carrier pigeons has been mobilized "somewhere in the Southern Department, U. S. A.," preparatory to service overseas. After brief training these erstwhile "doves of peace" will be sent to European battlefields to carry dispatches through the war zones.

It is the horse that has fought the wars of the world and won our human liberty. Besides this, he has broken our prairies, sown and harvested our grain, and delivered it to the markets of the world. He has carried messages of victory and of sorrow, and down to the time of Washington he constituted the fastest mode of communication known, if we except only the carrier pigeon.

THE HORSES

WILLIAM F. KIRK in *New York Journal*

THEY cheered for the soldiers in bristling review,
With their buttons and knapsacks and guns;
There were wives who postponed the last cheerful adieu
And mothers who wept for their sons.
There were kisses and cheers for the brave volunteers
And praise from the flag-waving throng,
But who in the groups cheered the four-legged troops?
For the horses were going along.

Oh, yes, for the horses were going along,
And proudly they pranced in review,
The high-stepping bay and the roan and the gray,
Their bridles all shiny and new.
They didn't know when they would charge with the men,
Or what they were hurrying for,
They didn't know why they were hearing "Good-bye!"
But the horses were going to war.

No epaulets gleamed on the trappings they wore,
Each horse ranked as high as the rest;
But true to the trust of the soldier he bore,
Each charger was giving his best.
True friends to the mortals who watched them go by,
Light-stepping and willing and strong,
Their hearts beating proudly, their heads carried high,
The horses were going along.

ANIMALS IN FIRE

MOST animals are afraid of fire, and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame, and they will walk into it, even though tortured by the heat, observes a writer in the *United Presbyterian*.

A horse in a burning stable goes mad with fear, but a dog is as cool in a fire as at any time. He keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fire cry piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are as a rule quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching.

Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire, and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth and often find their way out themselves.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more in the management of horses than any amount of shouting.

USELESS HARNESS

HORSES are placing mankind daily under everlasting obligations to them, says Secretary Pershing, of the South Bend, Indiana, Humane Society, but how cruelly and thoughtlessly are they repaid by those who are most indebted to them! A horse is a noble animal; patient, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, willing to work till he dies in his tracks, uncomplaining; a lover of kind treatment who is willing to work a whole lifetime with no other compensation than his bed and board.

Of the many things which make the daily life of a horse miserable, two are blinders and the tight checkrein, the worst parts of a horse's harness. Very many people believe that they are part and parcel of a horse and that he would not be a horse without both of these.

The majority of horses could readily dispense with blinders, and all could if they had never been invented. Blinders were first used by a nobleman in England to hide a defect on his horse's head, and later they were found excellent locations for the displaying of his coat-of-arms.

A horse's head was never intended for blinders, for his eyes are so set in his head that he can see behind him without turning his head, and, of course, the blinders deprive him of seeing the very best things he could see, for his own safety as well as his driver's. A horse's eye is a beautiful object, and it is a shame to cover it.

Whenever I see a man driving a horse without blinders, I always feel like stopping him and shaking hands with him. A horse's head is the best part of him and should have on it as little harness as possible.

Another instrument of torture to a horse is the tight checkrein. It is largely responsible for poll-evil, abscesses, sprung knees, paralysis, and disorders of the brain and muscles. It spoils his appearance and detracts from his free and graceful movements.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

A CAMERA man, working for the educational department of a film company, met an old farmer coming out of a house in the town where he was working, and explained his presence in these words:

"I have just been taking some moving pictures of life out on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my laborers in motion?" asked the old man curiously.

"Sure, I did."

The farmer shook his head reflectively, then said: "Science is a wonderful thing."



HORSES OF U. S. CAVALRY FOR WHICH THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IS RAISING FUNDS

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Pilgrimage Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

October, 1917

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter.

THE SOCIETY AND THE ARMY HORSES

WHAT is our Society doing for the horses of the Massachusetts military camps? First, we are doing what we can to protect from cruelty and ill-treatment the horses used in the construction work. Hundreds of teams are employed, particularly at the cantonment at Ayer, in the building, excavating, and transportation departments. It would seem as if every man for fifty miles around who had a span of horses had hurried to Ayer for the eight dollars a day that is being paid. Our first day's inspection there resulted in the destruction of two horses, one of them entirely unfit for work and the other too seriously injured by barbed wire to promise any hope of recovery. Several were laid off because of lameness and improper shoeing, several because of sore shoulders, many drivers were warned as to the danger from badly fitting collars, and in a number of cases hay, so musty and black that it was a cruelty to feed it, was taken from horses, and their owners compelled to order a better quality at once. We have now a permit, most willingly granted by Captain Canfield, who is in charge of the entire construction work, for any of our agents to inspect the camp at all times. The Captain himself expressed his interest in the Society's efforts and of his own accord offered to stop any abuses of the animals to which we called his attention. The second visit of our agents resulted in the arrest of seven teamsters for using horses with sore shoulders. All of these were convicted in court and fined. Ayer is being regularly visited by our agents.

The Government horses proper of course are really beyond our jurisdiction, though no objection was made to our inspection of them. They seemed in as good condition as could well be expected considering the shipping experiences through which they have had to pass. Proper shelter, according to the demands of the weather, we are assured the Government will provide as rapidly as possible.

As necessity has arisen we have met from our Army Horse Relief Fund the several requests made upon us for medicine, bandages, instruments for the veterinarians, etc. In time the Government will do much for its horses which, in these first months, while so many things are being done for the troops, it is quite willing to leave to the humane societies and such other friends of horses as are ready to give their time and money. It is thought, at present, that probably a relatively small number of horses will be shipped abroad with our troops. Whether few or many, we shall continue to serve their interests and welfare up to the limits of the funds contributed through us for that purpose.

A CLEVER REJOINDER

REPLYING to a contributor to the *New York Times* who holds the dog up to condemnation as the chief cause of discouragement in sheep raising in this country, Mr. J. Woodward of New York, an Englishman, calls our attention to the fact that when the contributor above referred to points to Great Britain as putting us to shame in the matter of sheep raising, he is certainly using an illustration which cuts the ground out from under his own feet. "Nowhere in the world," says Mr. Woodward, "is there to be found such a genuine, intense, and general love for dogs as exists throughout the British Isles among all classes of people. Literally everybody has one, usually, in fact, three or four, not to speak of all the great hunting packs." He further says:

"The trouble in this country has never been the number of dogs kept, but failure to enforce the existing dog laws.

"No man who is a dog lover can feel anything but pity for a man who seeks to weigh in dollars and cents that immense sum total of love, devotion, and comfort that these dumb friends of ours bring into our lives."

A DOG OF THE TRENCHES

THE *Animals' Friend*, an English publication, is authority for the following story, which shows the better side of the human heart in war:

In a part of the line where the enemy's trenches were only some thirty yards away there had been some sharp fighting, and one of our men left badly wounded midway between the lines, moaning pitifully. To attempt to rescue him would have been almost certain death. The officer, taxing his brains for a plan of rescue, caught sight of a certain dog who was accustomed to run to and fro between the British and German trenches, finding friends in each.

He quickly wrote a note: "Will you allow us to bring our man in?" tied it round the dog's neck, and sent him across to the German line. In a few minutes the animal returned with the reply: "Will give you five minutes." Instantly the officer and a couple of his men took a stretcher and were over the top. They got their man into safety in four minutes, and gave the enemy a cheer, by way of thanks, before both sides returned to business.

THE old miser in the story, who dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the plate at church, mistaking it for a nickel, could get no great satisfaction out of the deacon, as will be recalled, but he was not the man to give up easily.

Accordingly he sought legal advice with a view of instituting a suit at law.

But the lawyer whom he consulted was one of those rare and gifted souls who would rather be witty than rich, or almost anything else, for that matter.

"Sir," said he at once, "you have no case. You are guilty of contributory negligence."

THE bride and groom received congratulations standing in the shadow of a large wedding "bill." Of course the society reporter wrote "bell," but the compositor unwittingly stated the cold truth.

HAVE you ever heard a horse cry out from pain? It is a strangely pitiful and pathetic cry. Yet it has been claimed that capacity for suffering is largely a human characteristic.

TO THE RESCUE

HOW soon can you get your ambulance over to East Boston? came the hurried telephone call. "A horse has gone over the bank and is nearly buried in the black muck and the tide is coming in fast." "It will start right away," was the answer. Overhearing the conversation, and having long been anxious to see how one of these difficult cases was handled, we jumped aboard the big motor ambulance just as it was backing out of the hospital garage. The nearest way was through the crowded part of the city to the South Ferry. At every congested crossing the policemen gave us the right of way. Over the ferry, we were soon at the scene of the disaster, a great dumping place bordering on one of the bays. It seemed as if all the rubbish of the city had been teamed here to be buried in the murky water. Down a bank composed of cinders, old boxes, barrels, steel bed-springs, and any amount of other waste products, lying still in the shafts, with only his back, neck, and head showing above the muck, which was as black as ink, was the object of our quest—a fine horse worth at least \$300, owned by a Hebrew junk dealer.

To us the task of saving him and getting him up the bank looked hopeless. The ambulance men smiled at our question as to the possibility of rescue. Out of the ambulance came the ropes, then the men got into their high rubber boots and slid down the bank to the poor exhausted, and, doubtless sadly dismayed, animal. How they did it is still half a mystery, but, working in the filthy mire, with their arms to the shoulders and their legs to their hips looking as if smeared with tar, they got the ropes under the body, made fast a long cable to a span of horses that had been summoned for the purpose, and, having cleared away as much rubbish as possible, gave the order to the teamster to start his horses. At first it appeared as if the horse was too deeply mired to be extricated. Slowly, however, the body began to move, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it the horse was up on solid ground. Once on the top of the bank he sprang to his feet, and, to the surprise of everyone, made a violent plunge to free himself even from the obstruction of the halter which held his head. Outside of two or three relatively slight cuts about the legs, and a coat of muck as black and sticky as printer's ink, he was none the worse for his misfortune. Fifteen minutes after he had been pulled out the tide had risen till the water covered the place where he had lain. "Have you ever had as hard a case as that to tackle before?" we said to the men. "Oh, yes," was the answer. "Never perhaps a much filthier place to work in, but many that have taken much more time and patience."

This is an illustration of one of the kinds of work our Society is constantly doing. The owner of the horse is a successful junk collector. The horse was a handsome animal and the wagon an excellent one. We had saved him the loss of at least \$300. When all was over, what did we charge him for the service—two men's time for three hours and a half, the run of the ambulance, the use of ropes and cables that had to be washed and cleaned, as well as the suits of the men? Five dollars. Had he said he was too poor to pay it, it would have cost him nothing. Who makes all these deeds of helpfulness and mercy possible? The past and present friends who have so generously given to the Society. The blessing and the reward are theirs, not ours.



Founded by George T. Angell Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

ALFRED BOWDITCH LAURENCE MINOT
THOMAS NELSON PERKINS

Prosecuting Agents in Boston
Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance), Brookline 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Agent*

HARRY L. ALLEN WALTER B. POPE
HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON
THEODORE W. PEARSON AMBROSE F. NOWLIN
WILLIAM ENOS

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated.....	760
Animals examined.....	6337
Number of prosecutions.....	22
Number of convictions.....	20
Horses taken from work.....	172
Horses humanely destroyed.....	117
Small animals humanely destroyed.....	488
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	7342
Cattle, swine, and sheep humanely destroyed	27

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2800 from Mrs. Fannie D. Shoemaker of Topsfield, \$100 from William T. Connelly of Boston, and \$50 from Mrs. Susan E. Harvey of Somerville. It has received gifts of \$300 from Mrs. R. D. E., \$100 each from Mrs. B. F. C., B. A., and Mrs. J. J. H.; and for army and other horse relief, \$35 from Miss J. L.; \$25 each from W. B. P. W., Miss B. H., Mrs. W. B. H. D., P. M. K., Mrs. A. N. M., H. D. W., Mrs. C. H. W., and C. W.; and \$20 each from R. S., G. W. N., Mrs. E. B. S., Mrs. J. G. T., and Mrs. S. H. K.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$200 each from two New York friends, and \$35 from a Massachusetts friend; and \$72.66, interest.

September 11, 1917.

SHOULD any one imagine it a holiday task to be an agent of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals we should like to show him a dirk with which a violator of the law recently started for one of our officers. It was a life and death struggle for a moment.

EXPERIENCES like the above are rare, but the long hours, the night trips through all kinds of weather, the wisdom and tactfulness needed in dealing with all sorts and conditions of people, make the task no sinecure.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } *Resident*

J. G. M. DeVITA, V.M.D. } *Assistants*

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S. } *Visiting*

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } *Veterinarians*

T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S. }

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

Pet-dog Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	268	Cases	402
Dogs	144	Dogs	244
Cats	50	Cats	140
Horses	71	Horses	8
Birds	2	Birds	5
Monkey	1	Rabbits	3
Operations	48	Rat	1
		Monkey	1

Hospital cases since opening March 1, 1915	6,590
Free Dispensary cases	8,806
Total	15,396

THOMAS LANGLAN

A MULTITUDE of his own and of the friends of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will learn with sincere regret of the death of Thomas Langlan. Forty-five years ago last February he entered the service of the Society as one of its agents. Of a striking figure, tall, wearing a long beard, Mr. Langlan became a familiar character on the streets of Boston, known by nearly every horse owner of the city, and by hosts of others who came to look upon him as the unfailing champion of all abused and suffering animals. Always cool, self-possessed, almost a veterinarian in his knowledge of the diseases and troubles from which animals suffered, his opinion was universally respected by owners of animals, while his testimony in court was regarded as that of an expert. To remedy an evil by advice and persuasion if possible, to win a convert to the cause of kindness, to relieve suffering, these were his aims rather than the prosecuting of offenders. For several years he had done no active work for the Society, owing to his failing health. His interest continued, however, up to the last in the cause he had served so long. He was seventy-eight years old at the time of his death.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

THE truest test of civilization is not the census; nor the size of the cities; nor the crops — but the kind of men the country turns out.

EMERSON

NEARLY 150,000 HORSES WATERED

AT the hydrant watering stations in Boston, maintained by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a total of 141,323 horses were watered during the month of August. The traveling water cart gave drinks to 6513 horses. These figures represent the largest number of horses ever watered in one month by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. At the several stations the following numbers were reported:

Sudbury Street Station	13,279
Copley Square	36,912
South Station	48,405
Post Office Square	42,727
Traveling Water Cart	6,513

Total for August 147,836

WON'T YOU ASSIST US?

To the Lady of the House:

Please order your supplies for the day early in the morning, and all in one order. One daily trip to your door should be enough. Two trips wear me out twice as fast.

Telephoning in an extra order doubles the work for both the driver and the horse. This adds to the cost of all you buy.

Hurry-up orders make whippings for me.

Please think of those who serve you, both people and horses.

Your obedient servant, The Delivery Horse

AN EDITOR'S OPINION

EDITOR GEORGE C. STARKEY of *The Express*, Watkins, New York, gives his opinion of the steel trap in a recent paragraph: —

Thomas Mulligan was caught in a bear trap while tramping the mountains near Wilkes-barre. He was held a prisoner for two hours while his two companions struggled to release him from the jaws of the trap. When Mulligan was released he was unable to walk and the boys had to carry him to the nearest farmhouse and there get help to take him home. How do you suppose the poor bear would have felt if he had been the one to have fallen into the trap instead of the boy? To our notion there is nothing to compare with the cruelty of the steel trap. We read recently that trappers in some localities who are looking for more valuable game, when skunks are found in the traps leave them to starve.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Alfred Bowditch, Laurence Minot, and Thomas Nelson Perkins, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies, see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

ALFRED BOWDITCH LAURENCE MINOT
THOMAS NELSON PERKINS

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chili
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling . .	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, Introduceur des	
Bands of Mercy en Europe . .	Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Richmond, Virginia
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

CONVENTION OF A. H. A.

PLANS for the forty-first annual meeting of the American Humane Association, to be held in Providence, Rhode Island, October 15 to 18, are now being completed, and although the list of speakers and subjects has not yet been announced, it is assured that many prominent humanitarians and officers of Humane Societies will be present and deliver addresses on various phases of child and animal protection. Convention headquarters will be established at the Narragansett Hotel. One of the principal features of this meeting will be the photographic exhibition of anti-cruelty work, and societies are invited to cooperate in making their exhibits of real value to the humane worker.

AN APPEAL FROM JAMAICA, B. W. I.

AN appeal for help has come to *Our Dumb Animals* from one who has interested herself in the organization of Bands of Mercy in Newport, Jamaica, British West Indies. She states that the children, especially among the poorer classes, are greatly in need of a small building or room where Band of Mercy meetings and sewing and carpentry classes may be held, as there is no school or church within four or five miles, and all the meetings have to be held in the open air. Funds are needed to provide a suitable place, and contributions are asked, not only from members of Bands of Mercy in the United States but from everyone who would help children who have been deprived of so many of the ordinary privileges through the trying conditions of the past few years. One hundred dollars would go far towards meeting this dire need, and we doubt not that humane friends will hasten to make up the amount. The appeal comes to us through Mrs. Lillian Kohler in a recent letter, in which she says: "If I could get \$100 I should be so thankful, and I am sure the children would also be grateful. This terrible war should make us all the more sympathetic and show how very necessary it is that humane education should be spread all over the world."

RESULTS OF HUMANE WORK

FROM James D. Burton, a field worker of the American Humane Education Society in Tennessee, who, in July, traveled over 600 miles and delivered ten addresses, we have received the following message:—

"Our work is beginning to tell in a practical way. During July a cheap carnival set up its tents in Oakdale. Among the places of amusement was one where a poor, helpless monkey was the sufferer. Rubber balls were rented to men with which to throw at the monkey. Cigars were given to the ones who could hit the animal. The poor creature was kept dodging throughout the day and far into night. When hit by the rubber balls its cries could be heard for a long distance.

"A young man came along who had heard me on humane work, and had read some of our humane literature. He was enraged at the treatment accorded this monkey. He called for me at my home, but I was out on a trip over my field. He then appealed to the mayor of the town, asking that this cruelty be stopped. While no definite order was issued, this action had a good effect.

"This encourages me, as it shows that what I have said in public address and through the distribution of humane literature is bearing fruit."

IN SOUTH CAROLINA

DURING July Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell traveled over 1500 miles in South Carolina in the interests of humane education. He attended nine conventions, delivered twenty addresses and three sermons, besides visiting Sunday-schools and other children's meetings, and distributed about 2000 pieces of humane literature. The American Humane Education Society recently equipped Mr. Barnwell with a practical stereopticon outfit of the latest design, which is found very helpful in presenting the message of the gospel of kindness to colored audiences throughout the South. Rev. Mr. Barnwell has our deep sympathy in the recent loss of his mother, whom he greatly misses.

Have you contributed to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Army Horse Fund?

WHY NOT?

PRAY a prayer for the men at the war
As the bells ring out at noon;
Pray for the reign of Love and Law,
For the World-Peace dawning soon;
Pray for mothers, and children, and wives,
For all who suffer and do;
Pray for the men who give their lives —
Why not for the horses too?

— H. F. W. in *The Animals' Friend*

NOBLE WORK OF MRS. RYDER

THE Havana, Cuba, *Prensa* published recently as its leading first page feature a two column account of the work done by Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, the head and moving spirit of the local Band of Mercy, in alleviating the sufferings of Havana's animal life. We quote a few paragraphs from the article:

"There is a woman," writes the *Prensa* staff man, "that watches like a guardian angel over that little world of dogs, cats, mules, chickens, and others of man's servitors that suffer in silence the brutality and ingratitude of their masters. This beneficent angel is Mrs. Jeannette Ryder.

"And what sights we saw in that hospital! Here a blind rooster; there a lame duck, doves, birds and dogs, dogs in multitudes, woolly fellows, hairless ones, big, little, dirty, ugly, from all the ranks and stations of dog society. The house of Mrs. Ryder is, in the morning, a clinic for the treatment of the dumb animals and in the afternoon for children.

"This remarkable and beneficent institution lives without government subsidies or donations. The municipality which before gave something, has not contributed anything since January, and in spite of the drug stores that dispatch three or four prescriptions without charging for them, it is with the greatest difficulty that the enterprise is successfully kept up. It is a pity that a benefactress of the great capacity and unselfishness of Mrs. Ryder has not ample support for her undertaking in behalf of sick and suffering animals.

"Nevertheless, the Band of Mercy continues in existence as must continue every generous work that rests upon a positive sentiment of altruism and receives sustaining energy of a will of iron mould tempered for all reverses and intrepid in the prosecution of a high and unrelinquishable purpose."

BOOTH AT STATE FAIR

OUR representative in the State of Washington, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, has arranged to have a booth for the American Humane Education Society at the State Fair, to be held at North Yakima, September 17 to 22. There will be an exhibit of humane bridges, feed bags, etc., and every child who visits the booth will be given an opportunity to sign the Band of Mercy pledge and receive a free button badge. Quantities of literature will be distributed free, including copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, practical leaflets on the horse, dog, cat, cow, bird, and other animals.

MANY TOWNS VISITED

A DOZEN small towns in North Carolina were visited during July by our field worker, Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, who made one and sometimes two addresses in each place in behalf of kindness to the helpless. Mrs. Weathersbee also visited the Southern Missionary Society at Black Mountain and the Sociological Congress at Asheville, distributing much humane literature in both instances.

A MOTHER CAT

BIG, wisful eyes, the amber tint
Strained honey holds, while mid their light
You see the pupil's eerie glint,
A thread at noon, a ball at night,
Her only beauty since the sheen
Left her thin coat, once rich and clean.

Once her high tail, a flag full mast,
Waved its aristocratic sign
As on the drive she sauntered past,
A cat unhurried, fair and fine.
The merest rope-end one might bring
Vies with it now, poor drooping thing!

But if you seek a valiant heart,
A lightning paw of wondrous aim
Making the prowling foe depart
Astonished, clamorous and lame —
I point Old Puss to fill your need,
A grand old Amazon, indeed!

And if, on some pacific day,
You find her overrate the charm
Of those soft, sprawling babes that play
About her breast, and stow them warm
Among your pillows — take her part.
Her judgment errs, but not her heart.

She comes with low and coaxing cry
To bid you love such cherub things —
The wee red mouth, the round blue eye,
The baby fur, too soft for kings.
So slouch, so fond in every mood —
Where lies a better motherhood?

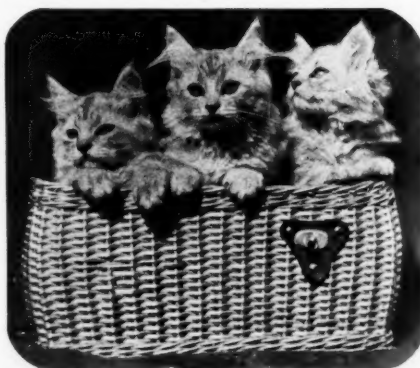
JEANNIE PENDLETON HALE,
in *Youth's Companion*

WILLIE, your master's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when Woodrow Wilson was your age he was head of the school?"

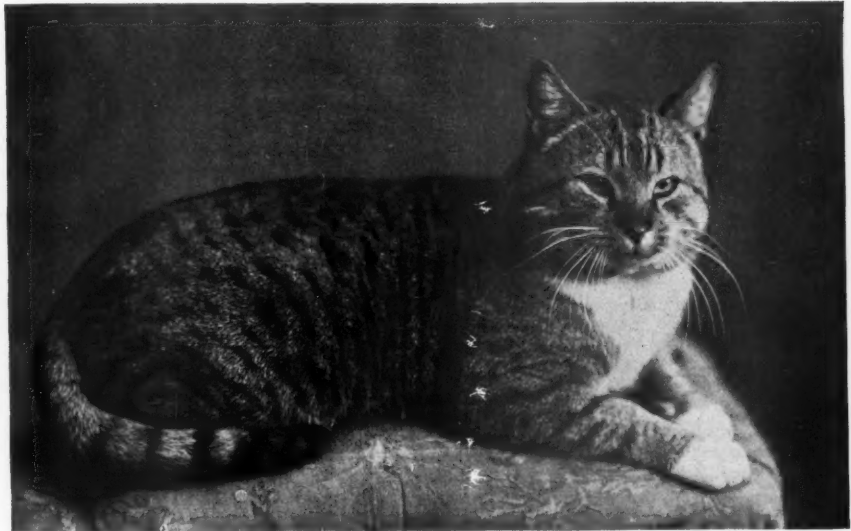
"Yes, pa; and when he was your age he was President of the United States."

No man is so well known as he thinks he is," says Enrico Caruso, the world-famed tenor. "While motoring in New York State," continued the great singer, "the automobile broke down, and I sought refuge in a farmhouse while the car was being repaired. I became friendly with the farmer, who asked me my name, and I told him it was Caruso.

"The farmer leaped to his feet and seized me by the hand. 'Little did I think I would see a man like you in this here humble kitchen, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Caruso! The great traveler, Robinson Caruso!'"



ON THEIR BEST BEHAVIOR



THE PRIDE OF THE FIRESIDE

GREATER LOVE HATH NONE

MRS. E. C. MCSHEEHY

THE "town cat," we called her, because she belonged to no one in particular and depended for her subsistence upon such rodents as she could capture and such scraps as were doled out to her at the various stores and meat markets within the territory she covered. In her perambulations, she paid me an occasional visit, and seemed to appreciate the saucerful of milk which was my donation toward her rations.

After an absence of several months, she again paid a visit to my place, but such a bag of bones and altogether in such a deplorable condition that I had hard work to recognize her. Inquiry developed the fact that she had pre-empted a box back of one of the stores in which to bring up a litter of kittens. Hard work it was, too, what with scanty food for the avaricious little ones and the mischievous dogs which proved an ever-present source of danger to the feline family.

Two evenings in succession she called upon me, each time gratefully lapping up the customary dish of milk. The third day we were much amused to see her come down the village main street, followed by one of her kittens, which by dint of much coaxing, and carrying for short distances, she finally managed to bring into our printshop. This procedure she repeated several times until she had transferred her entire family. And such would-be-fierce growling and spitting the little rascals carried on over the milk! And how pleased the mother cat looked as her little ones drank their fill! Finally she started off with them around the printshop. When she came in after the last member, we followed her, and were much surprised to find that she had lured them into our cob shed, which furnished an ideal home for her little family. As she watched them in their new surroundings, she vented her satisfaction in loud purrings. Two days more she stayed with them bringing them such tid-bits as she could find, but refusing all food for herself. The third day she did not come, nor the fourth, nor any day thereafter. Poor mother cat! Her last frail strength had been spent to safeguard her little ones. She was found dead in the street.

Was not this mother-love like unto that which God put into the hearts of human mothers?

A CAT'S LONG JOURNEY

ALONE on a thousand-mile ride by railroad to join his "folks" in their new home in New England was the journey made by "Billy," a pet cat.

Travelers waiting to board the train at Amboy, Illinois, were interested to find that one of their fellow-passengers-to-be was a well-behaved maltese pussy. He occupied a comfortably cushioned box with slats across the top to admit air, and was waiting on the depot platform, on a dray with other express parcels, for the incoming train. In one end of his "berth" was a tin tray fastened to the side of the crate, with a small trough leading to a hopper-like arrangement on the outside through which milk could be poured. A small wooden box nailed to the other end of the crate, outside, its lid held in place by a leather hasp, contained provisions for his journey. Nailed to the slats across the top was a card with the following inscription:

Please send me forward at a rapid rate
To the city of Manchester, New Hampshire
State.

There's milk in the bottle and meat in the sack;
Pour the milk in the can, put the meat through
the crack.

For all of these favors I've asked you to do,
If I only could talk, I'd say "Many thanks,
Sir, to you."

Yours affectionately, BILLY

A SEA-FARING CAT

TWO fishermen of Redondo, California, a beach resort near Los Angeles, recently came upon a large black cat riding upon a log five miles out at sea. He seemed overjoyed at the sight of human beings and quickly left his lonesome craft for the boat of his rescuers. The animal wore a collar with the name "Utantica" on a brass plate, but whether it was the sole survivor of some vessel of that name or began its solitary voyage from shore remains unsolved.

C. E. HOWARD

THE cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range and began to purr. Little Dolly, who was strange to the ways of cats, regarded her with horror. "O Gran'ma!" she cried. "Come here, quick. The cat's begun to boil."

Cloister Chords

SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON, M.A.

Birdlings

I

AN intruding dock-weed at the outer edge of the lawn had lived and loved riotously in the rain and the sunshine during the gardener's visit to the city. I drew near with intent to destroy, though secretly reluctant to stop the sturdy growth. As I bent over the weed, a little brown bird flew out. I knew what that might mean, and advancing cautiously I lifted up a broad central leaf—and there was a nest and two birdlings warmly asleep.

The dock-weed still flourishes. The mother bird in a nearby hedge chirped contentedly as I walked away; she knew that I wouldn't tell. I felt content, too, when at last after many a chirp and feint hop here and there she disappeared under the dock-weed.

II

Creative love is lavish of life. Its overbrimming fullness fills every nook and cranny of creation. It takes all chances; and its fledglings sleep secure amid storms and darkness, snakes, cats, owls, lawn-mowers, and rude hands that uproot dock-weeds.

Wherever there is love there is beauty; and wherever there is helpless life there is love. And that is why old planet earth is ever bric-a-beauteous in the spring time and mother beautiful in summer.

III

A young robin fell to the ground fear-panting after its first trial flight. The distressful cries of the parent birds drew me to the spot. I thought to lift it to a branch out of harm's way, but it hopped under a hedge. I turned away thinking to let bird nature play the game, but farther on down the walk I saw a cat quite innocently taking a sun nap. I retraced my steps and finding the young robin at rest in the long grass, I dropped my big sleeve gently over it, and then caught the bird. On reaching the tree from which came the mother robin's cries, I tried to place the bird in the crutch—a broad opening between the trunk and the lowest bough, but the bird couldn't stand, it fell back passive into my hands, its eyes closed, it seemed dying or—dead. I held it in my hand uncertain what to do.

And then there came to me a consoling thought—the bird was unconscious from shock, and if a cat's paws had pounced upon it instead of my sleeve, the results would have been the same, and the bird would have happily been beyond the power of pain before the coming of the teeth and claws. And then the memory picture of a splendid tortoise-shell cat holding in its mouth a blue jay seemed to lose half its horror, and a feeling of reverential trust in the great Artist—Author of love and of life—came over me.

The young bird "came to" vigorously and brought me back to the real. I left him in dazed contentment in the fork of the tree and passed on amid the dying down chorus of the robins.

IV

A low *Te Deum* sang itself in my soul. God's smile, suffused in love and light, thrilled through His world. It lit up the dock-weed, the robin tree, the grove, the wood, the hills, the far-off cities, the rolling seas,—the battlefields of Europe. Down in the trenches where men shudderingly kill and are killed, shone the love-light that rescued my robin.

And out in No Man's Land lay a sorely wounded Scotchman—a big brawny soldier to

whom death in the full flush of life seemed strangely terrible. Both sides saw the conspicuously writhing form, both sides felt the thrill of sympathy. A signal went up from the British ranks. "Let us get him." An answering signal said, "We'll give you five minutes." The firing ceased, and four English stretcher bearers advanced into No Man's Land. They reached the wounded Scotchman, and placing him tenderly upon the couch they bore him to their trenches. And then cheers arose on both sides—the cheers of heroes for heroes and of men for men.

V

And then the devil-mechanism started again—slowly at first, but soon with the old death-dealing intensity.

War is the virulent bursting forth of the pent-up forces of evil. Never shall we rightly know what war is until we know what evil is. Greed, avarice, malice, hate, commercial rivalry, racial enmity, festering wrongs, the centuries' retribution, etc.,—are names we give to forces that we do not understand, whose true nature we know not, nor, in this life, can ever know. We are tangential to values eternal.

VI

Good shines through evil. As the sun is behind and beyond the skies black with tempests, so is goodness beyond evil. And, as in Virgil's tale, old father Neptune rebuked the storm winds and sent them back to Aeolus' cave, and as he scattered the black clouds and led back the sun, and, lifting his placid head out from the topmost wave, rode in his chariot serenely under a smiling heaven: so, in like manner, will an everlasting Goodness drive back the forces of evil and restore the sun of righteousness among the nations, and shine forth serenely triumphant under peaceful heavens—after this terrible war. We dream so.

VII

All thoughts of the hour find their way to the battlefields of Europe. From a bird nest under a dock-weed, from a robin's first trial flight, from a cloistral *Te Deum* the way may indeed be zigzag, but it reaches war.

Whatever, in the abstract, we may think of war, however we may be repelled by its mechanical hideousness—yet for the men who at their country's call stand face to face with death and march into the jaws of hell—there can be but one sentiment; pity commingled with admiration. There is something awfully wrong with the world, and things are frightfully out of joint when governments have the power to pluck men out from the ordinarily peaceful walks of life and set them opposite other men and bid them kill, kill, kill. But there is something wrong with the world and things are "out of joint, O cursed spite," but that man is wildly unwise who lets himself believe that he was born to set them right.

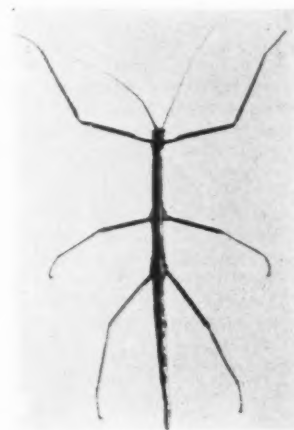
But aside from the problems of nations—I plead for the common soldier—be he Sammy or Tommy or Fritz. I cheer for the men who cheered when the wounded Scotchman was borne back to the British trenches. I extol a human brotherhood basally the same under national and racial differences. I revere the common Fatherhood of God.

SUCCESSFUL IMITATORS

WALTER K. PUTNEY

NATURE provides certain protection for insects whereby the little creatures are made practically invisible. There is a general harmonizing of color and pattern so as to conform to the bushes, leaves or ground on which the insect spends its life; but there are certain peculiar forms which attract our attention as soon as we discover them. In studying insects of one family group you will find a marked difference which is due to some variation of environment.

It may be surprising to you who visit the woods a great deal, to know that you daily pass hundreds of insects which you fail to notice because you think they are parts of the shrubbery that you look at. Only last summer I



A WALKING-STICK

took a party of young people out into the woods and showed them a certain bush with what appeared to be blunt thorns upon it. I suggested to one young lady that she break off one of the thorns and examine it. To her utter amazement the "thorn" moved up the branch about an inch when the young lady started to touch it and then she saw that it was a very curious little insect with wings folded up over the back.

The larva of the geometrid moth is known as the inchworm and this, too, has a wonderful way of escaping notice. Upon the slightest disturbance it straightens out stiffly from the twig and is seldom recognized as anything but a twig itself. We might say that this was a combination of behavior with structural and color modification in order to make a successful illusion. The masterpiece of deceit, however, is found in the extreme elongation and slenderness of body and legs, no wings and a color of very dull brown or green, all of these combining to make perfect protection. The specimen shown in this picture was exceptionally large and was caught as the result of mere accident. A workman on the state highway had just finished his dinner and he took out his pipe preparatory to having his after-dinner smoke. He reached back to break off a slender twig with which to clean out his pipe. You can imagine his surprise when his pipe cleaner ran away from him and he called attention of the other men to it. I happened to come along and captured this walking-stick, holding it carefully while I told the men about it. Several more were found during the summer, and although they varied in size and color, every one of them was referred to by the workmen on the road as a "pipe cleaner."

WHO will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?"

POLLY-ANNE AND I

FLORENCE BRIGHAM

OH, my foot is in the stirrup and my hand is on the rein,
 And the wind is sporting gaily with my horse's dusky mane,
 While the joy of life is singing on my heart-strings, as I ride,
 And the pulse of life is thrilling in my horse's even stride;
 For we're off upon a holiday, my Polly-Anne and I,
 Just to find enchanted palaces, where Sleeping Beauties lie;
 And to follow up enchanted paths, that lead we don't know where:
 To a picket fence, a robin's nest, perhaps a dragon's lair.

So it's up the hill and down the hill and 'round the teasing bend,
 At a canter in our eagerness to see the journey's end;
 Then it's on again at flying pace to clear the hindering bars,
 As if Polly-Anne were Pegasus, a-mounting to the stars.

There's the play of rippling muscles 'neath the pressure of my knee,
 And the breath of woodland balsam drifts adown the breeze to me,
 As it brushes by my glowing cheek, and whips my loosened hair;
 For we're off upon a holiday — and all the world is fair.

THE CHARM OF MUSIC

LOU E. COLE

Cowboy Poet

WHEN but a youngster, not yet seventeen, working on a squatter's claim in the hills near the head-waters of the Salinas, Southern California, thirty miles from civilization, I took my first lesson in animal intelligence. At this time I was alone. No — not alone, for I had my horse, gun, violin and an old brass alto horn. After my day's work of chopping and burning of brush was over, supper eaten and my dishes washed, I would get the old horn and blow a mellow greeting to the purpling hills lying so silent about me.

But wait; it would not be long until my nightly visitors would be gathering. Far off on a shadowy ridge a coyote hears the mellow tones. Throwing his head back, his shrill voice that sounds strangely like laughter, "Y-a-a-a, Y-a-a-a, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya?" comes quavering through the still night; then another answers from another quarter; and still another. They are coming to the concert.

Softly I would play some old familiar song, breathing the melody in lower tones as my audience drew nearer. Presently I could see their gaunt forms in the dim light — sitting fifty yards away — but gradually drawing closer, turning their sharp noses this way and that way, cocking their pointed ears — first one up — then the other in an inquiring attitude.

Occasionally one would frisk and leap about or playfully chase his tail in a circle like a puppy in his first acquaintance with that strange thing he tries to catch. Generally they sat looking about in a pleased manner, eyeing the cabin door, their red tongues hanging out as if laughing heartily.

My horse standing near would raise his head, look out towards our sharp-nosed visitors, look at me with his wide brown eyes, as much as to

ask, "What do you think of that?" switch his tail, and complacently close his eyes as if he was prepared to listen as well.

Laying the horn aside, I took my violin and played for my appreciative guests — my entire repertoire, from low G to the highest positions I could handle; and with as much skill as I could command. No soloist ever tried harder to please a critical audience on his first appearance than I. Every change of key brought some change in some one of the group. One would sprawl out full length, his nose on his paws, his bushy tail whisking. Another ran around in dizzying circles, three or four times, to express his feelings; while another would look up to the twinkling stars, throw his mouth open and gurgle his falsetto, "Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya?" with a strong rising inflection.

A deer-mouse comes out of the corner, his sharp little nose twitching and working, black beady eyes staring, body pulsing and panting as if it had hurried to get in before the concert was over. Truly I felt that

Music is a language that Nature tries to teach To every living creature the hearing sense will reach.

No — I was not alone — never, day or night. At daylight the birds — brown-coated wrens, impudent jays, solemn magpies and busy woodpeckers wearing red caps — all started the new day with a thrilling series of anthems and songs.

Ground squirrels ran chattering here and there as if tempting the keen-eyed hawk — daring him to catch them if he could; which he quite frequently did, as I have witnessed.

Through these many channels life smiles upon us; calls to us in our hurry through the school of experience; but do we listen? Do we open our ears to these melodies? Not often. Too largely are we given to things made of clay, of which, like the crude dishes of the aborigine, nothing remains but fragments.

FATHER. Joe, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal yard?

JOE. Why, father, I think she has seen the notice, "Now is the time to lay in your coal."

PRINCE

EARL DIVONNE

I SPEAK in praise, and memory, of a friend. A friend that came to us in the glorious slimmness of silky-coated youth, and trotted, content, in our footsteps, until the Great Artist, Time, had touched his brow with dashes of white, and remorseless wear tore down the splendid mechanism of his body.

Through a score of friendships — human — he trotted at our heels, through a score of changes by the Great Scene Shifter he pattered with loving feet beside us, wanting nothing, asking nothing, knowing nothing but the one great desire to be near us; to nose us with sympathetic understanding in our troubles, and to quiver with joy at our happiness.

He will no more turn reproachful eyes upon us when we leave him; no more will he leap with joy when we return; the patter of his horny feet will be heard by his friends no more.

But, I am glad to remember that on the evening before he left us — when for hours he lay in a chair beside me — something made him place his fine head on the arm of the chair — within reach of my hand, his eyes steadily upon me — did he, you dog lovers, know that he was going? — and Something, the Something that I remember with gratitude, prompted me again and again to reach out a hand to touch him with loving care. It was what he wished — and all he wished. It was his pay — all we could give him.

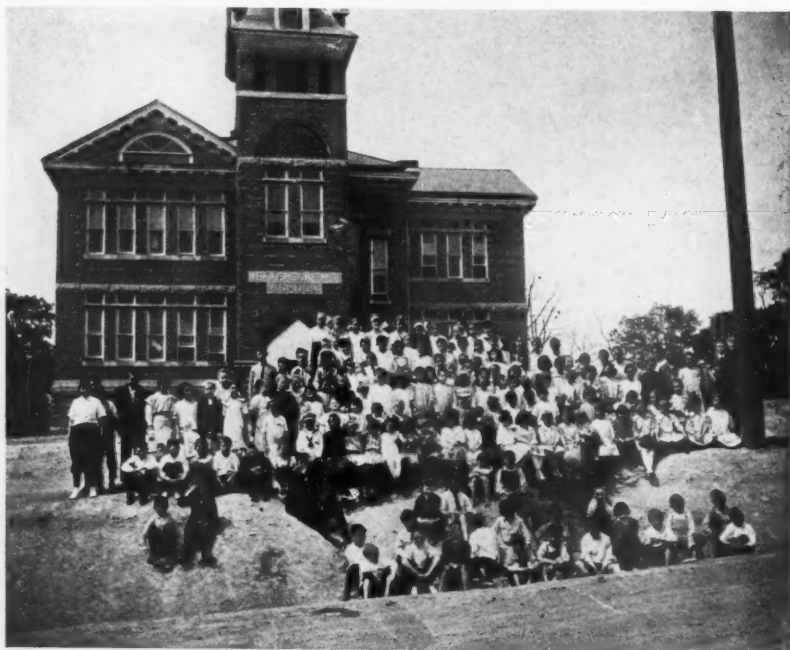
And I hope — in the dog Heaven to which he has gone, is there such a place, you dog lovers? — that he will know that we paid him what we could.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLE

1. (P-wit) Peewit.
2. (C-hat) Chat.
3. (H-urn) Hern.

Correct answers to all three were received from Alice Sherburne, Brookline, Mass.; Mary E. Howe, Amherst, Mass.; Samuel P. Bayard, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mildred Wolfe, Worcester, Mass.; Edith M. Stemler, Albin, Wyo.; Dorothy Rice, Sebastopol, Cal.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS
A PUZZLE BY WALTER WELLMAN



A THRIVING BAND OF MERCY AT JEFFERSON PARK SCHOOL, CLINTON, MISSOURI

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT } *State Organizers*
L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Twenty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported in August. Of these 19 were in Kentucky and one each in Massachusetts, New York, North Carolina, Washington, Porto Rico, and Jamaica, as follows:

Fall River, Massachusetts: Children's Home.
Hensonville, New York: Hensonville.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina: Redman.

Bands in Kentucky

Betsey Lane: Ella.
Bonanza: Pine Tree.
East Point: Good Will; Little Point; Beautiful Valley;
Red Bush; Bear Hollow.
Hager Hill: Garfield; Martha Washington.
Ivel: Daniels Creek.
Lancaster: Dick's Creek.
Middle Creek: Golden Rod; Cardinal; Green Mountain.
Minnie: Frazier's Creek.
Prestonburg: Wilson.
Pyramid: Pitts Fork.
West Van Lear: Sunset; Welcome.
Seattle, Washington: Latona Humane Society Class II.
Manati, Porto Rico: Grant School.
Newport, Jamaica, B. W. L.: Snowdon.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 109,592

It is cruel to have your dog follow your automobile — either take him in or leave him at home.

A PRIZE OFFER

CASH prizes, amounting to \$37.50, are offered by the American Humane Education Society for the four new Bands of Mercy which report the largest number of new members, in Orphan Homes, Schools of Correction, Reformatories, and similar institutions for children, the regular week-day and Sunday-schools *not* being eligible in this contest.

The Bands must be named "Be Kind to Animals" Bands of Mercy, and be entered not later than December 15, 1917, when the contest will close.

To the Band having the largest number of new members \$15 will be given.

To the second largest Band, \$10.

To the third largest Band, \$7.50.

To the fourth largest Band, \$5.

Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston, Massachusetts, where full information about organizing Bands of Mercy may be obtained free.



"THE HORSE FAIR" BY ROSA BONHEUR

ROSA BONHEUR AND HER ART

AS a little girl living in the south of France Rosa Bonheur loved animals. She was also deeply interested in the trees, the flowers, the clouds, and other beauties of nature. Her father, being an artist, early allowed his little daughter to become acquainted with the materials of his studio, and so Rosa's playthings may be said to have been paints, palettes, and color brushes.

When Rosa was seven years of age the Bonheur family removed to Paris, where the daughter was sent to school. But she had no liking for books and came to be a good deal of a tomboy. In her eleventh year her father decided that she must earn her living and so apprenticed her to a dressmaker. Again Rosa quickly showed that she despised sewing as well as books, whereupon her father took her into his studio and permitted her to use her time as she saw fit.

It was not long before the young girl's work justified his course. She spent many days in the Louvre copying the great masters and studying their methods, and became very proficient in the art that she loved.

Not long after this her father moved out into the country where there were many neat farms well stocked with animals.

Rosa's heart was full of the joy of being near these living things. She spent day after day, sketchbook in hand, making studies of sheep and cows and horses and pigs. She studied animal anatomy and sculptured in wax and clay, so that her paintings might be more perfect.

When she was nineteen years old she had her first two animal pictures accepted by the Salon. Soon her work was paying her handsomely. The painting entitled "The Horse Fair" is undoubtedly Rosa Bonheur's masterpiece. In preparation for painting this picture Rosa went daily to the place where the fair was to be held, in male clothing so that she might escape attention. The picture was sold at a fabulous price in 1857 to Cornelius Vanderbilt and is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

Rosa's fame now became world-wide. She was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the first of many high honors that came to her. She continued to paint all kinds of animals with firm and virile hand, even up to her death at the age of seventy-seven in 1899. Her biographers have said that the best proof of the opinion in which she was held lies in the fact that she was followed to the grave by every eminent person then known to the Parisian world of arts and letters.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



LUNCH-TIME FOR THE PETS

THE WREN ON THE DRUM

GOD cares for the birds, and he sometimes uses them in his providence for the good of his creatures. The cackling of some geese saved Rome, by warning the people of the approach of their foes, just as the Scotch thistle on which the Danish soldier trod caused him to awake the slumbering Scots, who thus escaped destruction, and adopted the thistle as their national emblem.

In the *North and West* is a story of a little wren who helped to save an army and a nation.

"During the summer in 1690 there was a war in England and the soldiers suffered very much. One evening after a long march they were so tired that they lay down for a short sleep, when it would have been wiser and better had they remained on watch for the enemy. Among the soldiers was a little drummer-boy, whose eyes, like those of his elders, were fast shut. Just before he fell asleep he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs had fallen on the head of his drum. A little wren, perched overhead in one of the trees, saw these crumbs and flew down to eat them. As she hopped on the drum the tapping of her beak awakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm which roused the soldiers and put them on their defense. The skill of the king, William III, won the day, July 12, 1690, the Battle of the Boyne, but if it had not been for the little wren the fortune might have been different."

Each heart holds the secret; kindness is the word.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

THE CHEERY CRICKET

MRS. E. C. MCSHEEHY

HAVE you ever heard Sir Cricket,
From his snug home in the thicket,
Sing his merry little lay?
When the rain is falling, falling,
And you can't go out to play,
See if you can hear him calling.
Seems to me he tries to say:
"Cheer-up, cheer-up,
Skies will soon clear up.
Don't complain
Of the rain,
It will soon be fair again.
Cheer-up, cheer-up."

FAITHFUL SHEEP DOGS

THE shepherds of the Pyrenees employ their peculiar breed of dogs to guard the sheep. They are long haired, of a yellow and white color, and very strong build, with ferocious temper, but very faithful and trustworthy. Attended by three of these dogs the shepherd will take his flock at early morning to the mountains, and having counted the sheep, go to other work and leave the dogs in charge.

It has been known on the approach of wolves for the three dogs to walk round and round the flock, gradually confining them into so small a ring that one dog might easily look after them; then the remaining two would set off and engage the enemy, over whom, it is said, they always triumph.

A shepherd once set his dog "Shep" to watch a gap in his hurdles to prevent the sheep getting through while he went to see some friends. He forgot poor "Shep," and when he went next morning there was the dog still watching the gap, but nearly dead with cold. Through the long night the dog had never moved nor slept and not a single sheep had been allowed to wander.

Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog, for it is indeed who earns the family bread, of which he is content to take the smallest morsel, always ready, always grateful, and ever anxious to exert his utmost abilities in his master's service. Neither hunger nor fatigue, nor the worst of treatment will drive him from his master's side.



REAL FRIENDS

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., FOR AUGUST, 1917

People who give their time, influence, or money to further any animal society's work will NEVER feel the sting of ingratitude, but will ALWAYS feel the animals' gratitude and be remembered in this life and afterwards by friends of animals, when ALL others have forgotten them.

Bequests of \$2800 from Mrs. Fannie D. Shoemaker of Topsfield, \$100 from William T. Connelly of Boston, and \$50 from Mrs. Susan E. Harvey of Somerville.

Members and Donors

Mrs. R. D. E., \$300; Mrs. B. F. C., \$100; B. A., \$100; Mrs. J. J. H., \$100; Mrs. F. E. B., \$15; W. H. C., \$10; E. W. G., \$10; Mrs. A. M. W., \$10; Miss M. A. S., \$10; Mrs. E. W., \$10; sundry donations, \$9.69; Mrs. R. B. S. F., \$8; M. S. S., \$4; Mrs. M. S. R., \$3; Mrs. C. H. C., \$3; R. & J. Co., \$3; W. W. H., \$2.50, and for the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, sundry donations, \$20.60; Dr. H. H. H., \$3.45; H. L. A., \$3.25; E. S., \$2.32.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. M. L. C., A. H. W., M. C. M., Mrs. G. C., W. B., W. A. R., F. A. S., E. P., Mrs. C. T., Mrs. W. L. P., G. C. W., Mrs. E. C. M., S. J. M. Co., Mrs. L. J. A., Mrs. S. B. R., Mrs. E. F. B., E. A. J., H. F. J. Co., Mrs. E. E. F., A. B. C., A. T.

TWO DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. C. H. J., Miss R. G. W., M. S. B., Mrs. F. A. H., Mrs. J. A. I., Mrs. C. L. B., Mrs. A. P. S., W. E. C., Miss A. P., Mrs. A. E. W., Miss C. H. Dr. J. J. A. S. P., N. T. S., N. S. B., Mrs. C. W. S., Mrs. F. G. F., Mrs. M. A. S.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

Dr. B., Mrs. H. G. B., Miss V. W. H. E. T., Miss E. L. D., E. J. W., Miss M. E. H., Mrs. C. H. G., W. O. L., H. L. B., C. R. H., No. Adams, Miss F. A. C., Mrs. E. M. B., Miss P. W., J. H., Miss A. C. H., Dr. C. A. D., A. J. H., E. C. W., Mrs. W. A. B., Mrs. J. F. F., Mrs. C. E. B., Miss A. M. M., R. H. L., P. C. L., E. D., H. P. H., Dr. W. G., Miss M. A. O., Mrs. F. A. W., Miss A. B. T., No. Adams, Mrs. M. F. C., M. H. S., Mrs. R. H. R., Mrs. D. O. F., Miss R. E. W., O. A. P., M. V. W., H. C. P., C. B. E., Miss H. B. H., and for the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, W. E. D., R. C., M. E. D., M. A. J. A., Mrs. M. J. W., J. F. F., Mrs. W. H. W., Mrs. G. M. G., E. C. H., F. M. T., J. B. F., K. S. F. B. D., Mrs. M. S., Mrs. M. A. L.

Interest and sundries, \$849.46. Total, \$4726.27.
The American Humane Education Society, \$750.

For Army and Other Horse Relief

Miss J. L., \$35; W. B. P. W., \$25; Miss B. H., \$25; Mrs. W. B. H. D., \$25; P. M. K., \$25; Mrs. A. N. M., \$25; H. D. W., \$25; C. W. E., \$25; Mrs. C. H. W., \$25; R. S., \$20; G. W. N., \$20; Mrs. E. B. S., \$20; Mrs. J. G. T., \$20; Mrs. S. H. K., \$20; Mrs. H. B., \$15; Miss A. H. J., \$15; Dr. F. P. S., \$15; Mrs. C. L. B., \$8; Mrs. A. E. W., \$8; J. H., \$4; Mrs. J. F. F., \$4; Mrs. L. P. T., \$3.50; Miss M. H., \$3.50; Mrs. E. L. S., \$3.50; Miss E. L., \$3.50; A. V. P., \$3; Miss E. J. H., \$3; Mrs. F. E. W., \$3; Dr. J. T., \$3; Mrs. H. C. M., \$3; Mrs. C. P. W., \$3; A. G. G., \$2.50; Mrs. F. C. H., \$2.50; Mrs. H. M. C., \$2.50; sundry donations, \$1.10.

TEN DOLLARS EACH

H. B. S., Miss I. H. E., Miss G. M. D., W. W. C. Co., G. W., Dr. F. I. P., "in memory of M. L. P."; Dr. D. W. R., Miss M. M. A., W. W. W., Miss A. G., E. E. and J. F., Mrs. J. A. McK., Mrs. E. O. K., Mrs. B. M. T., Mrs. B. W. W., Mrs. J. E. P., Dr. D. R. S., Mrs. W. W. L., V. G., Mrs. G. H. H., Miss M. B. S., Mrs. R. H. B.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. A. P. F., H. A. W. & Co., H. E. W., Mrs. L. M. B., Miss C. L. W., Mrs. E. E. L., J. P. B., Miss A. G. C., W. A. R., Mrs. J. E. D., Mrs. C. W. H., Miss A. H. B., Mrs. R. M. S., Miss M. J. E., Miss A. C., E. W. R., Miss A. J. L., Mrs. O. H. S., J. P. W., J. Q. W., S. B. H., L. S. F., Mrs. W. W., Mrs. F. W. J., Miss F. W., Miss A. P. J., H. E. C., Miss F. M. L., Mrs. E. E. B., Mrs. E. F. W., Mrs. J. C. P., Mrs. E. F. F., F. A. P., L. W. L., E. S. A., Miss S. L. S., Mrs. C. W. S.

TWO DOLLARS EACH

A. D. S., Mrs. J. M. W., Mrs. S. W. D., A. H. S., L. M. A., Miss B. F. B., F. D. A., Mrs. F. G. B., Mrs. R. B. S. F., M. S. C., W. B., Mrs. J. H. F., Mrs. E. B., M. S. D., Mrs. A. M. H., Mrs. S. W. A., E. S. R., Dr. W. C. F., A. A. D., Mr. and Mrs. C. N. S., Mrs. C. S. H., Mrs. F. L. S., Miss C. J. H., Mrs. J. F. S., L. F. B., I. D. R., Mrs. H. H.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

Mrs. B. M. S., Mrs. E. C. W., P. H. H., M. E. H., Miss A. E. B., Miss E. S., Miss A. F. A., Mrs. C. A. A., P. H. G. & Son, Mrs. P. J. K., Miss P. S. F., Mrs. D. E. B., Mrs. W. H. MacL., Mrs. J. E. P., Mrs. J. B. C., R. F. C., Mrs. K. P. W., Miss E. A. H., Mrs. E., Mrs. A. H. B., W. H. H., Rev. L. P. C. and daughter, Mrs. W. H. F., Mrs. J. S. H., W. P. K., Miss N. E. H., Mrs. J. N. F., H. S. P., Mrs. M. P. L., Mrs. E. H., the Misses L., Mrs. D. O. F., M. S. S.

Sundry items

J. R., \$27.19; Mrs. E. G. M., \$20; Joseph C. Whipple, \$6.32; P. F. M., \$6; H. A., \$5; Mrs. L. D. M., \$5; E. C., \$3.50; K. M. L., \$3; Mrs. W. G., \$3; Mrs. C. Y., \$3; W. D. & Sons, \$2.16; C. R., \$2; E. M., \$1.80; F. S., \$1.80; A. T. S., \$1.20.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

B. E. P., M. D., Mrs. F. A. L., A. L., O. H., T. W. D.,

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Mrs. W. S., Miss E. W., M. D., S. P. C., J. J. G., Mrs. J. G. G., L. H. B., A. S., Mrs. R. C. H., R. E. H., Mrs. J. B. A., Mrs. G. W. G., Mrs. W. W. P., L. M. P., F. A. S., C. B. C., Mrs. B. P., Mrs. E. P. A., C. N. P., W. R. C., M. E. H., V. M., Mrs. W. E. W., F. L., Mrs. I. W., C. B., Mrs. S. C. W., Mrs. W. H. C., A. M. M., Dr. A. L. W., Mrs. J. F. P.

All others, \$8.82. Total, \$137.29.
Sales of publications, etc., \$596.39.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR AUGUST, 1917

Two New York friends, for home and foreign work, \$200 each; a Massachusetts friend, \$35; a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$12.96; Mrs. T. C., \$8.50; R. H. R., \$5; Mrs. E. L. D., \$3.10; Dr. G. M. G., \$2.12; E. C., \$2.12; A. H. A., \$1.92; Mrs. F. A. H., \$1.40; E. T. W., \$1.25; J. H., \$1.25; Miss P., \$1.23; J. A. R., \$1; Mrs. C. J., \$1.

Small sales, \$10.04.
Interest, \$72.66.

BOYS BRING TREAT TO POLAR BEAR

AN incident which happened one hot day recently in the Zoological Gardens strikes a sympathetic chord. Who could refrain from smiling with approval at the act of two small boys who gave great Silver King, white-haired captive, monarch of northern ice-fields, just a touch of relief? It did not escape the *New York Herald*, which thus reported it:

The keepers, who are well acquainted with the type of joker who will feed tobacco to an elephant or pepper candies to the other animals, are particularly watchful. So when two boys, each about eleven years old, stood in front of the polar bear enclosure and heaved something over the top rails, John Horn, a keeper, came running up at top speed.

"What's going on here?" he called as the two boys stood back with their arms crossed and their hands held under alternate armpits.

The boys did not appear frightened. "Timmie an' me brought up some ice for his nibs," said the shorter gift bearer, "an', believe me, our hands is froze."

Inside the enclosure Silver King, the largest bear in the park, lay with two chunks of ice between his paws and his head resting gratefully upon them.

There were no arrests.

BLOW, bugles of battle, the marches of peace; East, west, north, south, let the long quarrel cease;

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man.

WHITTIER

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Norwood Office: Lenox Street.

Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

TERMS

One dollar per year; clubs of five and over, 60 cents. Special price to teachers, 50 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Agents and societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders. All dollar subscriptions sent direct to us entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

Checks and other payments may be sent to EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor.

HUMANE LITERATURE

For sale by the American Humane Education Society at these prices, postpaid. (Titles in bold-face are of books):—

Our Dumb Animals, June, 1916—May 1917, . . . cloth \$1.25
Humane Stamps, in colors . . . 15 cts. per 100

About the House

Don — His Recollections, Willard A. Paul, M.D. . . . 274 pp. illus. cloth . . . \$1.25
Black Beauty (English), cloth, 25 cents . . . paper 15 cts.
What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley . . . \$.25 per 100
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 3 cents each, or 3.00 " "
The Horse — Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc., 60 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8 . . . 40 " "
How to Treat a Horse . . . 40 " "
The Care of Mules . . . 40 " "
Two Horses I Have Known, Mary C. Yarrow . . . 40 " "
Care of Horses . . . 40 " "
The Folly of the Blinder . . . 25 " "
The Horse's Prayer . . . 25 " "
The Horse's Prayer, large post-card . . . 3.00 " "
The Horse's Prayer, card in two colors . . . 1.00 " "
The Horse's Point of View, in Summer, post-card . . . 1.00 " "
"The Proud Mother," post-card, 5c doz. . . 40 " "
Advice on Stable Management . . . 1.00 " "
The Checkrein, 8 pages . . . 75 " "
The Checkrein, 4 pages . . . 40 " "
The Cruel Over-check, card (two sides) . . . 35 " "
The Overhead Checkrein, card (two sides) . . . 35 " "

About the Dog

Beautiful Joe, illus. \$1.25; cloth, 62 cts. . . small 35 cts.
C. 5 a Dog, or, Our Pet . . . cloth 35 cts.
Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card . . . \$1.00 per 100
The Dog — Its Care in Health and Disease . . . 60 " "
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 4 . . . 40 " "
What the Chained Dog Says . . . 40 " "
The Story of Barry . . . 25 " "

About the Bird

The Birds of God, Theron Brown, 318 pp. illus. cloth \$1.00
The Lady of the Robins, cloth, 25 cts. . . paper 15 cts.
Save the Birds, post-card . . . \$.40 per 100
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2 . . . 40 " "
How the Birds Help the Farmer . . . 40 " "
The Air-gun and the Birds . . . 40 " "
An Appeal to Every Woman . . . 40 " "

About the Cat

The Cat — Its Care in Health and Disease . . . \$.60 per 100
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8 . . . 40 " "
How to Treat Cats . . . 40 " "
Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve . . . 40 " "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 5c per doz. . . 40 " "
Only a Cat, Mary Craigie Yarrow . . . 25 " "
About Poor Puss . . . 25 " "

About Other Animals

Prince Rudolf's Quest, Ida Kenniston, 150 pp. boards 58 cts.
For Pitty's Sake, cloth, 25 cts. . . paper 15 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth 25 cts. . . paper 15 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 25 cts. . . paper 15 cts.
The Cruelties of Trapping . . . \$2.00 per 100
How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp. . . 60 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, animals . . . 40 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 7, cattle . . . 40 " "
Hints on the Care of Cows . . . 40 " "
Ways of Kindness . . . 40 " "
The "Sport" of Killing . . . 25 " "

Humane Education

"Be Kind to Animals," pennants (red or blue), each 15 cts.
The Humane Idea, by Francis H. Rowley . . . cloth 25 cts.
paper 12 cts.

Friends and Helpers (selections for school use), Sarah J. Eddy . . . cloth 60 cts.
April Prize Contest Recitations . . . paper 25 cts.
Voices for the Speechless, for Schools, etc. . . cloth 75 cts.

Need of Humane Education Societies and Methods of Forming Them . . . \$.40 per 100
Humane Day Exercises for 1917 . . . 2.50 " "

Humane Education, What to Teach and How to Teach It . . . 40 " "
Children in Humane Work, Mary C. Yarrow . . . 40 " "

Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty . . . 40 " "
Physiology in Our Public Schools, Dr. Leffingwell . . . 50 " "

Man the Animal's God . . . 25 " "
Woman's Indifference, by Dr. Rowley . . . 25 " "

Outlines of Study in Humane Education, 8 pp. 1.00 " "
A Talk with the Teacher . . . 40 " "

Condensed Information, pamphlet by President Rowley telling how to organize humane societies with constitution and by-laws, free upon application.

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" buttons . . . 75 cts. per 100
Buttons — white star on blue ground with gilt letters and border, one cent each, 75 cents per 100.

Badges, gold or silver finish, 8 cts. small . . . 5 cts.
"Band of Mercy" pennant . . . 15 cts.
Band of Mercy Register . . . 8 cts.

Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only) . . . \$3.00 per 100
Songs of Happy Life (with music) . . . each 40 cts.
Band of Mercy membership card . . . 30 per 100

How to Form Bands of Mercy . . . 50 " "
Historical Sketch of Band of Mercy . . . 2.00 " "
No order by mail filled for less than five cents.

The above can be had in small quantities at the same rates. Special prices on large orders to be shipped by freight or express.

American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston

y
M
5
0

5
0

8.
ta.
00
00

00
ts.
00
00
00
00

00
00
00
00
00
00

ts.
ts.
ts.
ts.
00
00
00
00
00
00

ts.
ts.
ts.
ts.

00
00
00
00
00
00
00
00
00
00

ley
tion

100
and
ets.
ets.
ets.
100
ets.
100
00
00

ates.
or

ston